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## MONETY.

SIMPLE-MINDED people must sometimes be at a loss to understand the oracular explanations offered respecting the state of what is called the money market. Let us instance the following—

'There is a very slight demand for money. Good bills are done at one or at most one and a half per cent., with no signs of improvement. Things, however, are believed to have reached their lowest depression, and as summer advances, a rise is confidently expected in the money market.' Such is the sort of information with which certain pretentious writers favour us respecting the financial state of the country. Translating their enigmatical language into plain English, their explanations signify that because comparatively few persons are discounting bills, trade is in an exceedingly depressed condition. We should have drawn quite the opposite conclusion. When a tradesmen takes a bill to a bank to be discounted, he clearly needs money, for which he is willing to pay so much by way of loan; it may be one, two, or more per cent. according to the general demand. Suppose he does not need to borrow, are we to set him down as an unfortunate being without business? In other words, is it the meaning of these writers on finance that doing business is alone indicated by borrowing, and that if there be no borrowing everything must necessarily be at a dead stand?

We protest against the fantastic reasoning which seemingly leads to these conclusions. Borrowing is usually a symptom of weakness, not of strength. We are told by a venerable authority, that the 'borrower is servant to the lender,' which is quite true; all attempts to uphold the reverse of the aphorism are ridiculous, and must end badly. Taking, for example, the case of a merchant who by a long course of circumspect conduct is at ease in his circumstances, keeps a good balance at his banker's, trades within his capital, discounts no bills, we should think that he represents a wholesome state of affairs. And if such be said of one, so it will apply to all. When

everybody has all the money he requires for the honest purposes of his business, we should say so much the better. That is our doctrine, though to great financial critics it may appear antiquated and heretical.

In whatever manner it originated, there has latterly crept in the very extraordinary and pertinaciously cultivated opinion that the degree of commercial prosperity in a country is to be measured by the demand for money in the shape of borrowing. It is a new thesis, in which people are invited to have faith. If discounts are high, trade is flourishing. If little is doing in the way of discounts, the depression is heart-rending. To all appearance, the country is going to the dogs. One could be amused with these fallacies were they not associated with a species of demoralising perversity. If not expressly said in words, the inference is that borrowing is exalted to a virtue. The man who self-reliantly pays his way, and never for a moment thinks of troubling bankers or bill-brokers, is essentially a poor creature. He is at least an eccentricity. The old admonition, 'Owe no man anything,' is out of date. Owe thousands, or millions, if you can manage to do so. Risk, speculate with other people's money. Such seems to be the outcome of modern financiering.

While taking exception to the ordinary disregard of a state of indebtedness, we are far from saying that in honest business, there is anything positively wrong in borrowing by discount. As an intermediary between borrower and lender, the banker performs a useful part by facilitating the settlement of accounts. Where there is a reasonable scope for enterprise, the cost of the loan in form of discount may be deemed insignificant. All depends on the soundness of the transaction. Unfortunately, a constant reliance on discounts leads to a factitious course of business, which ensues in a profligate style of living, and often ends in disaster. For encouragement to excesses of this kind, the banks generally, though some more than others, are not without blame. Indiscretely extending their credits, in order to make

advantageous use of their capital, they raise the value of money, excite those wild speculations and courses of over-trading which, by 'leaps and bounds,' are imagined to be significant tokens of national prosperity.

We all know what this extravagant credit system has led to. Shameless frauds and thousands of bankruptcies, which sending a chill through society, have produced the national depression that is mourned over, but which in reality signifies a return to discretion and common-sense. Yet, no lesson is accepted by financial doctrinaires. It would almost seem as if large numbers had a special interest in promoting systems of over-trading and extravagance. Reminding us of the 'wreckers' of old, who threw upon alluring ships to destruction, they appear to live on promoting schemes that, terminating in ruin, yield a rich harvest from the sufferings of miserable dupes. Mariners used to be told to beware of the false signals of wreckers. In the present day, the advice to be given to all who have anything to lose is to beware of 'promoters.' There may be well-meaning men amongst them, but we see that the general upshot is disastrous. In particular, we observe how persons with a title have been induced to become directors, or more correctly decoys, to allure confiding capitalists to their ruin. Considerations of this kind suggest extreme caution in taking shares in any project, or in giving credence to the lamentations over dreadfully low discounts. Why should any one volunteer groans about money being a drug in the market? Let it be a drug. Who cares? If nobody wants it, there is little need for lamentation. A very sad thing indeed when bankers are at a loss to know what to do with the cash with which depositors have intrusted them. At this point we may be said to reach the kernel of the whole matter. What to do with money. It is a state of affairs that did not fall within the experience of the old political economists. In former times, money was so difficult to be obtained, and was so precious in character, that no one entertained the notion that a period would arrive when one of the torments of society would consist in a superfluity.

Money is a blessing or the reverse, just as we make a good or bad use of it. In the olden time, what struggles there were to effect even the smallest public improvement, owing to the want of money! Bridges could not be built, roads could not be improved, churches could with great difficulty be erected. A cathedral was not completed, except in a pinching way bit by bit over a space of perhaps two hundred years. Any attempt to levy rates for a matter of public utility would have raised a rebellion, and been after all abortive. The plain reason for all this was, that in the community generally there was no redundant cash. Excluding a few usurers and lucky individuals, the world lived from hand to mouth. How has this backward state of affairs been meliorated? Simply by two things: Settled peace and industry.

England had not a day to do well until it got rid of contending dynasties, and sate itself down to work each man according to his vocation under the protection of beneficent laws and unchallengeable government. It is remarkable how speedily the change from poverty to wealth has been effected. With a steady regard for industrial occupation, a hundred and fifty years have done it.

The marvellous growth of the metropolis, the rise of busy seaports, and the spread of railways, are the more conspicuous phenomena in the new condition of things that has sprung up. Capital has increased so largely that it presses for investment, and rushes headlong into all sorts of extravagances. Among the numerous modern wonders, the most wonderful, as it may be esteemed, is the fact that Scotland and Ireland, both treated as contemptuously poor in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the subject of diverting sarcasms on and off the stage, have absolutely come to the front as lending countries. Irish and Scotch banks have had the audacity to set up branch houses in London—much to the disgust, as it appears, of certain native firms, who view them as a species of interlopers. As a feeling of this kind is altogether foreign to the spirit of fair-play which distinguishes the English character, we may anticipate that it will come to nothing. It is mentioned here only as a curiosity of modern finance; having its origin in the general redundancy of accumulated capital.

Every country aspiring to civilised usages, begins with an infancy in finance, when paper-money for small sums is accepted as a necessity. Bank-notes for a dollar, for five francs, for five shillings, at one time prevailed. Discreetly managed, those paper representatives of money served a useful end. A time comes, however, when by the progress of wealth they may without disadvantage be dismissed. Every one who has studied the subject will acknowledge that one-pound notes have been of inestimable value to Scotland, in fact have helped enormously to make the country what it is. There are reasonable doubts, however, if this species of paper-money is any longer an essential condition of national prosperity. In our opinion the country could now successfully dismiss its one-pound note currency, and place itself on the same financial level as England. Bankers might not be indisposed to take the same view of the matter, for so large is the proportion of gold they must keep in relation to their note issues, that the change would not be of serious importance. The chief objection would be on the part of the community, by the great mass of whom, strange as it may seem, notes are invariably preferred to sovereigns. That whimsical notions of this kind would speedily disappear, can scarcely be doubted. The withdrawal of the one-pound note currency would at anyrate remove difficulties which at present perplex the international position of the banks.

It must come to this at last. A wise policy would consist in looking the inevitable in the face, and in making preparations accordingly. W. C.

## YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR DICKER.

'GLAD to see you, Captain Ashton!' said Mr Dicker good-naturedly, as he gave Hugh a forefinger to shake, and waved him to a chair. 'Knew your name at once—not likely to forget it—for, my dear sir, you have rendered me a still greater service than I was aware of, when last we met.'

Hugh was pleased with the cordiality of this reception, but his looks expressed a not unnatural surprise, which the capitalist was not slow to note. He condescended to explain.

'I told you, Captain Ashton, that the papers which that poor, faithful fellow Purkiss—I shall never get such a clerk again—brought over in the purple bag, and which your courage preserved for me, were of considerable value. They were indeed of very considerable value—more so than I dreamed of. He had done ve-ry well indeed, had Purkiss, as my agent out there; and I am a richer man, if I chose to realise to-morrow, by—Well, well, never mind how much—what with wool, and copper, and land, and gold, and the rest of it: The securities thus saved represented something worth having, Captain Ashton.'

Hugh had no doubt that they did; but he scarcely knew what to say in answer to Mr Dicker's harmless vaunt, and merely smiled.

'I am a warm man, as we say in the City, as you may possibly have heard, Captain Ashton,' said Mr Dicker, rattling some money in one of his pockets in a slow, lazy manner, as though he enjoyed the tinkle of the sovereigns as they slipped one by one through his fingers.

'I can well believe that, sir,' answered Hugh, who had no doubts as to the warmth, financially, of his moneyed acquaintance.

'And this colonial business has brought in a very tidy return, very tidy,' said the capitalist, tapping his still sound and strong front-teeth with an ivory paper-cutter. You ought to have your share, Mr Ashton.'

'My share, sir? I can hardly understand you!' answered Hugh, in some surprise.

'Yes, yes,' returned Mr Dicker, half-impatiently, and with a glance at the clock. 'You preserved for me vouchers of no trifling value; without which, had they gone to the bottom of the sea like that poor fellow Purkiss, I should have met with vexatious delay and practical loss, in endeavouring to assert my rights. So, as a matter of business, and as usual among business men, I shall be happy—and he picked up a pen, and rustled over the leaves of his cheque-book as he spoke—to write you an order on Clink and Scales, of Lombard Street, for—'

'Excuse me if I interrupt you, Mr Dicker,' broke in Hugh Ashton, the colour mounting to his sun-bronzed cheek and brow. 'So far as I understand, you desire to do me a kindness, but a kindness which I cannot accept. It was not to solicit money from you that I came here to-day.'

The capitalist, in the very act of filling up the promised cheque, looked up at Hugh's face,

and arched his eyebrows in very genuine surprise. According to his experience, which was a tolerably wide one, money came amiss, on whatsoever pretext, to nobody; and he had known it to be eagerly grasped at, not to say angled for, by the very finest of fine gentlemen and ladies with whom he had conducted negotiations in the course of an active and pushing career. Colonels and countesses, legislators and leaders of fashion, each and all of these had proved willing to take a bribe for services to be rendered in puffing some newly blown soap-bubble of the Stock Exchange, provided that the bribe were delicately administered, and called a commission. And here was this youngster—a master-mariner, an ex-fisherman—whose tone and countenance expressed actual indignation at the offer of an eleemosynary draft on Clink and Scales.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, hardly knowing whether to be irritated or not; 'you really are a very extraordinary young man!'

'Do not mistake my meaning, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh quietly; 'I am sure that your intention was kind, though I cannot accept the kindness in the form of ready-money. That is all.'

'You'll never get on in life, Mr Ashton, never!' returned the self-made man, laying down his pen, and surveying Hugh with a look of mingled pity and admiration.

'I daresay that I shall not, sir, in the usual sense of the word,' answered Hugh with a slight smile.

'Well, well,' said the capitalist slowly, and with a sort of philosophic tolerance of error, 'it makes a difference of course, in matters of business, whether one has learned to look upon things in a business light.—But what can I do for you, Captain Ashton, since I must not draw you a cheque? I am your debtor, very much your debtor, for the service rendered the other day, and that even more so than I thought when last I saw you. Along with my securities were certain private papers that had been deposited in an Australian bank, and the recovery of which would be of the utmost consequence to a poor friend of mine. I call him poor; but time was, that in our intercourse I was the obliged party.' And Mr Dicker laid considerable stress upon the personal pronoun, as though the circumstance of his being under obligations to somebody else had been a portent indeed.

'Yes,' continued the capitalist, who had grown earnest now, as some newly awakened train of thought occurred to him, 'I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that I was once a very poor and struggling man, and didn't find too many hands stretched out, I can tell you, to help me as I toiled up those lower rungs of the ladder of life that are always the hardest to climb. This friend of whom I speak, a gentleman born, stepped out of his way to do me a good turn, and I keep the memory of his kindness green and fresh, Mr Ashton, I assure you. I cannot mention his name, even would it interest you, as of course it could not—reasons against that! But, at anyrate, there were papers belonging rightly to him in that purple bag that you prevented from becoming flotsam and jetsam, and that he would gladly see, if only I could find his present address, poor fellow! Dear me, I have wandered sadly from the point. It is not often in the City that we

have the leisure or the inclination to indulge in sentiment.—And now, what can I do for you, my dear sir?' asked the capitalist, again becoming conscious of the clock, and of the candidates for admission that were chafing in his anteroom.

Hugh answered modestly enough that he had come to Guildhall Chambers for the purpose of asking Mr Dicker's advice. He had left Cornwall for ever, had resigned his late appointment, and was now in search of something to do.

Mr Dicker pursed up his lips, and contemplated his young acquaintance with a rueful sort of interest. 'Rolling stones, eh—but you know best, of course,' he said, again tapping the teeth of which he was proud, with the paper-cutter. 'Sudden—wasn't it?'

'I see, sir, that you think I ought to have stayed,' answered Hugh, in his frank fearless way; 'and, as a man of the world, I am sure you judge rightly. I have a sorrowful conviction in the truth of the old proverb you quoted but now, and wish for nothing more than to be steady. It was no mere restlessness, believe me, that has made me give up my ship and leave Treporth.'

'No, no; of course not,' said Mr Dicker, casting about for a motive, and, as men of the world always do, looking out for a vice or a weakness on which to graft it. That Hugh had left the Tug and Salvage Company in disgrace—that he had done, in common parlance, anything wrong, his previous experience of Hugh's conduct, and the singularly noble bearing of the young sailor, forbade him to believe. The capitalist was for a moment at fault. Suddenly his countenance cleared. 'Yes, yes; the lad must be in love, and crossed as to his wooing, either by disinclination on the fair one's part, or, much more probably, by the harsh prudence of parents.' And Mr Dicker, who regarded love as a youthful disorder akin to measles or whooping-cough, was sincerely sorry that his young friend should apparently have taken the complaint in an aggravated form injurious to his worldly prospects. 'I hardly know what to advise,' he said, thoughtfully rattling the sovereigns in his pocket. 'Would you like to go to sea again, or abroad?'

'I should prefer,' answered Hugh, with some hesitation, 'to stay in England, if I could but earn a maintenance by anything within my power to do.'

'Stop—I have it!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, beginning to toss and tumble over some papers that lay before him on the table. 'We want a stationmaster. I am deputy-chairman—you may have heard as much, perhaps—of the Extreme South Line, at—where is it?—yes, Hollow Oak, in Dorsetshire. The manager sent me word on the subject a fortnight ago, and the appointment rests with me, since old Sir Bodkin, the chairman, is not in a fit state of health to attend to details. Would Hollow Oak suit you? It is a quiet place, somewhere west of the New Forest. And the salary is a hundred and something a year; whether forty or sixty, I cannot remember. Of course there are coals and candles, and of course there is a house to live in—and those I suppose are all the advantages of the situation. Such as it is, will you accept the place?'

'Certainly, and gratefully, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh, with quick decision. 'If you will give me the place you speak of, I will promise to do

my best in the duties I shall be called upon to fill.'

'Then, very well,' said the capitalist, who by this time had become painfully conscious of the clock and the flight of time, and the many interviews that lay before him. 'I will send you in the morning, by a clerk, your credentials. You will then have nothing to do but to start by an afternoon train—there is one, I think, at two—yes, at two—and you will be at Hollow Oak at six or thereabouts. And what, Captain Ashton, is your address?'

Hugh mentioned *Shadwick's Inn*, Shadwick Place, E.C.

'How very odd!' answered the capitalist, again oblivious of clock and engagement. 'I know the place; but very few, even among Londoners, do. It was in the little, gloomy, three-cornered coffee-room of that secluded inn that the friend I have mentioned—and whose papers I have here—met me, and lent me the money which—No matter, Captain Ashton—he was a gentleman by birth, and—Never mind. Something in you reminds me of him; I cannot tell why. Good-bye, dear lad!' And he gave Hugh his whole hand to shake; and there was an end of the interview.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—MAUD GOES HOME.

There was a stir and a suppressed ferment of excitement in Llosthuell Court, to which every human heart pulsated in strange unison. A letter from Maud's mother had arrived the day before, summoning Maud home, if Alfringham, her uncle's rural palace, might be called by such a name, as the widow of Colonel Stanhope did not scruple to call it. As a general rule, Mrs Stanhope's letters were of no very great account. She sent a good many of them, having belonged to a letter-writing generation, and to a gushing age. But now, as Lord Penrith's mouthpiece, she spoke, or rather wrote, with authority. Her brother, she said, was worse—well, he never was—but now his state of health was critical, and Lord Penrith was longing for Maud's return. 'Come at once!' said the letter; and if italics and underscoring could prevail, Maud should indeed have felt herself bound to hurry.

'Of course she must go!' the Dowager had said decisively, but regretfully, for the loss of her pretty niece at Llosthuell meant to her the almost hopeless isolation of a benevolent female despot among her servants and tenantry. She had a few clergy to visit, and here and there a scarce family of the estates class, and that was all. She paid the penalty, in a social point of view, of dwelling in a picturesque and impossible corner of England, near which no ties of sport or business can fetter the well-to-do.

'Nobody lives in Cornwall,' Lady Mary Tattles would say, if you asked her, at five o'clock tea, in Grosvenor Place, what were your social prospects in the ancient realm of King Mark; and Lady Mary would not be far wrong. Squires are rare in Cornwall, and country society widely scattered. Lady Larpent lost a good deal in losing Maud.

But Maud must go. The wishes of old men in Lord Penrith's position are paramount. He was so rich, he was so free to do as he liked with Alfringham and all that appertained to it, that had he chosen to pick out a stable-boy as his heir,

or, like Pope's Miser, to endow a college or a cat, none dared even to venture on remonstrance. Certainly, Maud must go. There was packing in hot haste. Maud's maid and my Lady's abigail impeded one another as they folded and packed and locked trunks, and found that things inestimable had been overlooked, and at the last moment thrust them in, and kept everybody within their influence in a mild state of feverish flurry. Sir Lucius Larpent was to escort his cousin to Alfringham. Nothing, considering the relationship, could have been more proper, or, to Maud's taste, less congenial; but still she had to submit.

'I am very sorry to part with you, my dear; but of course in such a case there is no help for it. And it is a comfort that, next week, Edgar and Willie come home from school,' said Lady Larpent. And then came the parting itself, and the drive to the station, and the railway journey itself, swift and smooth, eastwards from that far outpost of sea-girt Britain where Llosthuell looked out over the endless billows of the Atlantic. Young ladies are seldom given to abstract speculation, and it is not very likely that Maud Stanhope contrasted the comfort and monotonous ease with which the modern first-class passenger is conveyed, amid rugs and cushions, sun-blinds and foot-warmers, to his destination, with the pilgrimage that a winter's journey from Cornwall once was, even for travellers of her own rank in life. No more anxiety, nowadays, as to floods certain to break bridges and render fords impassable; no more fear of highwayman-haunted heaths, and no dread of the clumsy family coach, painfully dragged along the vile roads by six horses, being buried in a snowdrift, or 'stugged in the mire,' on wild Dartmoor. No more riding, belated, with chilled feet that could scarcely feel the steel stirrup, and the collar of the loose 'horseman's coat' turned up to screen off the driving drift, as the bewildered guide tried to regain the track, easily missed when once the short December day had blackened into early night, which led across the waste. We most of us, however, forget or ignore the sufferings of those who went before us, and merely resent any trivial interruption in the clockwork regularity of existing arrangements.

There is no railway station nearer to Alfringham Hall than the small one of Hollow Oak, four miles and a half away. Lord Penrith had, indeed, like many another lord of lands, done his best in parliament to exorcise the railway from his estate, and had reluctantly consented under compulsion to derive indirect benefit from the detested innovation. At Hollow Oak, then, Maud and her cousin Sir Lucius found, on alighting there, one of 'my lord's' carriages waiting for them. For a good many miles round Alfringham Maud's uncle was 'my lord' in popular speech, and Cowper's mighty Monsieur Nongtongpaw scarcely seemed a more universal proprietor than he was. Some such reflection probably suggested itself to the self-seeking mind of Sir Lucius. He had not been very talkative during the hours of the railway journey, burying himself in his newspapers or lounging in his corner, with half-shut eyes, and leaving his fairkinswoman to her novel and her own thoughts. Once indeed, the baronet had spoken with a certain amount of energy, but even then the choice of a topic was unfortunate.

'You can't think how glad I am,' he had said amiably, 'that that confounded fisherman fellow that my mother chose to take up, has had to take himself off from our neighbourhood. I don't profess to know what he had done to make the country too hot to hold him'—

'I am sure, Lucius, that you do Mr Ashton cruel wrong!' interrupted Maud, with flashing eyes and quivering lip; 'and that you are unjust in attributing bad motives to his leaving us—for his leaving Treport, I mean. I never saw any one in whose honour'—

'Honour!' somewhat rudely broke in Sir Lucius, 'honour! forsooth, when you are talking of a cad like that! But if you women will insist on making a model hero of the man, it is useless to argue the point.' And he savagely banged down the window nearest him, and, turning his face away, neither spoke to his beautiful cousin nor looked at her for many a mile. On the way, in Lord Penrith's carriage, to Alfringham, the baronet found his tongue again. 'I owe you an apology, Maud,' he said, 'for my uncivil speech an hour ago; I was irritable, and I behaved like a bear. I do hope you will forgive me, Maud.'

'Well,' replied Miss Stanhope in her gentle voice. 'Let us think no more of a hasty word!'

'But Maud, dear Maud,' went on the baronet in his most persuasive accents, 'will you not push your generous impulse a little further, and give me hope—a little hope? If only you knew how I longed for it!' he added, with an earnestness that seemed real.

'You mean'— Maud came to a stop here. It was not for her to interpret her kinsman's meaning.

Then Sir Lucius spoke out, glibly enough. It was Maud's love he asked for. It was Maud, whose consent to be his wife, withheld from him till now, he sought as a suppliant. He did not, he would not, press her for an immediate answer. She need not say 'Yes,' or enter on a formal engagement at once. Only let her shew a little kindness, only let her tell him that he need not despair. A word, a look, a pressure from her little hand—of which, at an early part of the conversation, he had contrived to possess himself—would suffice to revive his hopes, and then he would urge her no more.

But Maud Stanhope was not foolish enough to purchase a respite from unwelcome addresses by giving any such assurance, on which a future claim would certainly be founded. Gently, but resolutely, she drew her hand away. 'I can but repeat, Lucius,' she said as kindly as she could, but quite steadily, 'what I said to you before, at Llosthuell. You had better learn to regard me simply as a friend—as your sister, if you will—for what you now wish can never be.'

'Come, come, Maud; this is not fair treatment for a man, after all that has come and gone,' returned Sir Lucius reproachfully.

'Nothing has come or gone between us two,' answered Maud firmly, 'that gives you the right to complain of unfair treatment at my hands. As a friend, I can never cease to regard you; but your wife I shall never be.'

'And would you thwart everybody's wishes—and—and upset the family arrangement, just for a whim?' cried Sir Lucius, very angrily. 'You know I must be Lord Penrith. You know our

uncle will leave every stick and stone of the estate to you. And it has always been an understood thing that the title and the property were to come together again. You would be a peeress, Maud. And it is a shame, indeed it is, to throw over a man as you do me !

Sir Lucius, in spite of all remonstrance, enlarged upon this theme so vehemently, and became so eloquent as to the wickedness of his kinswoman's conduct in rejecting his proposals, that when the carriage drew up before the stately doors of Alfringham, Maud was in tears ; and it was all that she could do to preserve a tolerably decorous air of well-bred calm in passing through the lighted hall, with its double file of liveried serving-men drawn up for the reception of the new arrivals. Mrs Stanhope, who had come three steps beyond the door of her favourite pink drawing-room, to meet her daughter, saw the glistening traces of tears on Maud's eyelashes as she kissed her, and very likely guessed something approximately near the truth.

' So kind of you to come, Lucius,' said the faded beauty, putting out her jewelled fingers to her nephew. ' You will stay some time, I hope, to cheer us up at Alfringham.'

‘ I shall be off to-morrow, thank you ! I only came to see Maud home,’ answered the baronet, with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

Mrs Stanhope sighed. She saw that her nephew was in a very evil temper, and augured ill for the prospects of the family arrangement, which she had as much at heart as it was possible for her to care for anything. And this was Maud's welcome to her Dorsetshire home.

#### ORAL INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At a Teachers' conference held in January of last year, Mr Van Praagh gave a complete and interesting explanation of his ‘oral’ method of teaching the deaf and dumb. On this interesting subject we would direct attention to the following remarks.

Both Professor Wallis in Oxford, and Dr Amman in Holland, commenced to practise this system at the same time ; but the credit of resuscitating it and putting it into general practice belongs to the Germans. Mr Van Praagh affirms that the expression ‘deaf and dumb’ is a misnomer ; deafness is originally the only defect, and dumbness is the unfortunate result. Ninety-nine out of every hundred deaf-mutes can be taught to speak ; and every deaf-mute, unless he prove to be an idiot, can be so far taught by this oral method. This method of teaching by lip-reading requires great study, patience, and devotion. A mother in teaching an infant to say some simple word is obliged to repeat it over several times, while the child watches the movement of the lip and endeavours to imitate the sound. The same patience and frequent repetition are necessary with a deaf-mute ; and as the ears of the latter are shut to the entrance of sound, the training must take place through the eyes, which must do duty for both seeing and hearing. In teaching them to speak, the child is taught to breathe properly, to imitate the position of the teacher's mouth and

face, and the ordinary vibrations caused by sound. When a sound is produced, it is repeatedly practised until the pupil can reproduce it without help. Vowels are taught to begin with, then consonants ; afterwards combining the vowels and consonants into syllables and words ; the meanings of which are either conveyed by shewing the objects they represent, or by models or pictures. As soon as possible the children must make use of the spoken words ; when the teacher next goes to polysyllables and short simple sentences, and without teaching the terminology of grammar, the child's attention is drawn out towards the qualities, quantities, and actions of objects taught.

The instruction in lip-reading, writing, and speaking proceeds simultaneously. The progress made is slow but thorough. In spelling, a purely phonetic system is followed ; only the sound of the consonants is given to the children, a murmur or a hiss as the case may be, but never mentioning the names of the letters.

In speaking to deaf children who have thus been trained, we must remember that lip-reading has with them taken the place of hearing, and that it is best to speak slowly and without making contortions of the face. All artificial signs and the finger alphabet are rejected by this German school. The French system of teaching as invented by De l'Epee, makes artificial signs and the finger alphabet the means of communication and instruction ; but the German method makes no use of these signs. The latter system goes upon the principle that lip-reading requires the sole and undivided attention of the child, who cannot watch the movements of face and hands at one time. Writing and reading are taught, as already noticed, at one time, by means of lithographed instead of printed type, which is found to be a vast saving of valuable time.

A lady who has paid a visit to Dr Van Praagh's establishment favours us with the following :

The ‘oral’ instruction of the deaf and dumb, seems a contradiction in terms, but it is in fact a reality. At the Normal School, 11 Fitzroy Square, the success of this strange and wonderful system, which has been in use there since its foundation about seven years ago, may be fully tested. My visit to the school was paid on a very rainy day, and many of the pupils who reside with their parents or board in the neighbourhood were absent. There were, however, I suppose more than forty children of various ages, and divided into classes, all at lessons.

The director, Mr Van Praagh, had himself been teaching the first or youngest class, when my coming interrupted the lesson. These were made to repeat after him, watching and imitating the action of his lips, the vowel sounds, the word ‘pa-pa,’ and to reply to some questions : ‘ How do you do ? ’ ‘ What is my name ? ’—the answers given being not mere parrot-like repetition ; for one little girl when asked several times over : ‘ Why were you not at school yesterday ? ’ caught at last the meaning of the lip-motions, and answered : ‘ I was poorly.’ So strange and even startling was it to hear words actually pronounced by the so-called dumb little lips, that I fear my impressions of this first or elementary class remained somewhat confused on leaving it.

Assistant teachers—who are not deaf and dumb, and whose training for the work is carried on in

the school by Mr Van Praagh—were superintending the older classes. The necessity of making the pupils repeat over and over any word which they do not pronounce distinctly, as also of making them distinguish the labial (lip) sounds, *b*, *p*, for example, from one another, seemed to be specially insisted on by the director, whose patience is hardly less wonderful than his skill. To one of the classes—children who, if I remember right, had been in the school for about two years—he himself gave a 'dictation lesson,' first calling their attention by stamping his foot, the vibration being felt, and making them instantly look up. What he then said I did not hear, though standing close by, the words being uttered to himself; but the children, eagerly watching his lips, took their slates and began to write. In a minute or two they had written—'This lady has never seen a deaf-and-dumb school.' The writing, by the way, was very good, one reason for which may be that lithographed instead of printed type is used in instruction.

'Now,' said Mr Van Praagh, speaking aloud, 'speak to the lady. Ask her where she comes from.' A boy immediately asked me the question. I replied, speaking slowly: 'I come from Scotland.' The boy audibly repeated my words, but hesitated at 'Scotland.' I said it again; and a boy on the opposite side of the table caught and repeated aloud the word, and asked in return: 'What part?' My answer was understood.

'Why is not So-and-so at school to-day?' said Mr Van Praagh to the children, adding: 'Perhaps it is the bad day. He is afraid of being melted.' The children at once laughed. They talk to each other by the lip-motions in the same way. No signs and no finger-language are allowed. The French, or artificial sign system, though it has been perfected to the extent of allowing rapid conversation to be carried on between the deaf and dumb and those who have mastered the sign language, is of course useless when the knowledge is only on one side.

The German or oral system, introduced into England by Mr Van Praagh about ten years ago, enables deaf-mutes to understand any one who will speak slowly in language familiar both to himself and the deaf but no longer dumb person.

Our visit to the most advanced class, whose course of instruction came nearest to the prescribed length of about eight years, was exceedingly interesting. With several of the boys in this class, Mr Van Praagh talked with the greatest ease. Here is a specimen of the conversation, the boys' answers being perfectly fluent and ready.

'You read the newspapers, don't you?'—mentioning the boy's name. 'What newspaper do you read most?'

'The Standard, or Daily Telegraph.'

'What do you read about?'

'About the Afghan war and the Zulu war.'

'What is the name of the Zulu king?'

At this the boy, as might be expected, shook his head, and said: 'I can't remember.'

'Shew the lady your drawings,' said Mr Van Praagh to a bright-looking young girl, who immediately rose and fetched them; and very good they were—copies from casts. I saw also excellent specimens of needlework.

Wishing to express my surprise and gratification

to the children, I was about to tell them that I thought all I had seen 'wonderful,' but the director stopped me.

'No; don't tell them that.' Then he said to them: 'The lady is surprised because she has never seen a school like this before. But there's nothing very wonderful in it; is there? There was a girl here the other day who had never been at school; she couldn't speak, she couldn't do anything—she was like an animal—but then she had never been at school.' The listeners, as I may almost call them, evidently followed all he said with appreciation; and I too appreciated the wisdom of his speech.

I shall be glad if this slight and necessarily imperfect sketch of a very interesting school induces any one to pay a Wednesday morning visit to 11 Fitzroy Square, or to be present at the next annual public examination of the pupils, to be held I believe in July.

It might be mentioned that the voices of the 'deaf-mutes,' though thick and somewhat unnatural in sound, were not in the least unpleasant.

#### A BACHELOR'S STORY.

WHAT I am now I need not tell; but many years ago I was assistant to Dr Bower of Broadhurst Lee, in one of the southern English counties.

Dr Bower was not a young man. I had been his assistant for more than three years, and I had a well-founded hope that in a few years more I should become his successor. I do not mean that I had any hope, well founded or the reverse, that Dr Bower would die—far from it; but the doctor had been very successful during his twenty-five years' residence at Broadhurst, and I knew that he would be glad to retire from the more arduous duties of his profession when a favourable opportunity offered, and he could feel sure that he was leaving his old patients in good hands.

I lived with the Bowers. The family was a small one, consisting of the doctor himself; his wife, by many years his junior; and their only child, Lucy. A dear, bright, sweet-tempered child she was, though terribly spoiled by her father. At the time I am writing of, Lucy was about thirteen. I was walking in the garden one morning, when Lucy came rushing up to me, breathless with excitement. 'Mr Williams, I've got such news to tell you!'

'Well Loo, have the kittens opened their eyes, or what?'

'No, no; nothing about the kittens; much better than that. But you would never guess if I gave you till doomsday, so I may as well tell you at once. I am going to school at midsummer!'

Lucy did not know that I had heard that news some weeks before, from her mother. To please her I seemed surprised. 'Indeed Loo. You astonish me. What will become of the poor kittens?'

'Oh, they will be quite grown by that time. It's nearly six months to midsummer. And do you know—mamma says I am to have a governess till then, because I am so stupid about my music and French and things. And she says I would be ashamed to go among other girls when I know so little; so papa has written out an advertisement to be put in *The Times*. I do wonder what she will be like!'

Lucy rattled on for some time longer; but I don't think I heard much of what she said. I was wondering too what the governess would be like. Her arrival would be quite an event in our quiet life. I hoped, like Lucy, that she would be 'nice'; but I hardly expected it. 'Most likely some hideous old maid in spectacles and a "front,"' I muttered to myself as I mounted Jetty my mare, and started for a long round.

For a whole fortnight after this I heard of nothing but the 'governess.' So many had answered the advertisement, that Mrs Bower had been quite bewildered, not knowing which to choose; but when it was known that the engagement would be only for six months, most of the applicants dropped off. At last, in fact only two remained to choose from. One, a London lady, made such market of being able to teach calisthenics, that I greatly doubted if she could teach anything else. The other was from Scotland, quite the north too. Mrs Bower inclined to the lady of dumb-bells and expanders; but the doctor went in heart and soul for the Scotchwoman. He had been educated at Edinburgh, and still preserved a fond recollection of that noble city and its hospitable inhabitants.

'But my dear, this Miss Stuart does not come from Edinburgh,' pleaded Mrs Bower. (She thought the use of the dumb-bells would improve Lucy's figure so.) 'Besides, they talk such a dreadful dialect—don't they?—and are so wild in their manners!'

'Nonsense, Jenny; there's nothing wild about them. They talk beautifully at Inverness, and this place, Banmuir, must be quite near that. I remember my poor brother Dick and myself being at Inverness. Let me see; it must be near thirty years ago. It was when we took our tour through Scotland after leaving college. I remember seeing the women washing and beating their linen in the river. How Dick did laugh! And the doctor smiled at the recollection of something he did not mean to tell us. 'Yes; I remember it well. It was long years before I knew you, Jenny,' and he patted her arm affectionately. 'I think we'll have this Miss Stuart. Just write and say we agree to the salary she asks, and she can come immediately. So now that's settled.'

Off bustled the doctor; and Mrs Bower sat down, not without some misgivings, to engage the Scotchwoman as her governess. But when her husband said 'It is settled,' then she knew it was settled, and submitted, like a good wife, as she certainly was.

About a week after this, Lucy informed me that Miss Stuart was coming the next day; that the carriage was to be sent to Wharton Station to meet her; also that 'mamma said Miss Stuart would have to go to bed whenever she came, she would be so tired coming all the way from Scotland.'

I at once settled in my own mind that I would not be at hand at the time of the arrival. I had heard so much about this precious Miss Stuart, that I detested her very name. I pictured to myself a tall red-haired woman—for were not all the Scotchwomen I had ever heard of red-haired?—with a loud voice and vulgar manner. No; certainly I would have no dealings with this unwished-for and, to me, unwelcome intruder. The next day, therefore, I did not return from my

rounds until I knew dinner must be over, and Miss Stuart, if she had arrived, safe in the drawing-room.

I was hardly seated at my solitary meal in the dining-room, when Lucy came scampering in. 'She's come, Mr Williams; and she is *so* nice! I know I shall love her awfully! She likes little kittens, and has had one of mine on her lap ever since dinner; so you see you were all wrong when you said she would hate them. And you are wrong about her looks too; for she's very pretty. Papa says so. She is not so tall as mamma, and—

'Has she red hair?' I asked.

'O no. Such pretty hair. I was just coming to that. It is quite fair, and curled. I wonder, Lucy, in a meditative tone of voice, 'if it curls of itself, or whether she has to put in curl-papers, as I have?' This grave question seemed to occupy Lucy's thoughts for some time, for she did not speak again until I had finished dinner.

'I think I will go up-stairs and see this paragon of yours, Lucy,' I said as I left the table.

'Don't laugh in that way. You *shall* like her. But make haste, or she will be gone. She would not lie down when she came, but did all her unpacking; so mamma said she should not let her sit up beyond eight o'clock.'

Lucy and I ran up-stairs; but I was only in time to catch a glimpse of a shining sheaf of golden curls, and the long folds of a black dress, as Miss Stuart quitted the room by one door, and I entered it by another.

Miss Stuart did not appear at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, so I had to go out without seeing her. Requiring to cash a post-office order that afternoon, I rode home through Wharton. As I dismounted at the post-office, I saw the Bowers' carriage drawn up at a milliner's nearly opposite. Mrs Bower was doubtless deep in consultation with Miss Meek about some new dress or bonnet; but Lucy was in the carriage; and that girl in black beside her must be Miss Stuart. They both seemed to be looking at and discussing the bonnets displayed in Miss Meek's window. Neither saw me, and I watched them unobserved. Miss Stuart's profile was turned towards me. It was not good. How could they say she was pretty? Her features seemed far from perfect, especially her mouth; it was too wide. Her hair certainly was lovely.

At last Miss Stuart seemed tired of looking at the bonnets. She leaned back in the carriage, and I thought I could see that she sighed wearily. Presently she turned her eyes full upon the spot where I was standing; a bright pink flush overspread her pale face; her eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger. Suddenly she seemed to remember that I might remark her gaze bent so steadily upon me, for she turned her head away; but soon I saw her whisper to Lucy, who immediately looked round in the direction where I had been standing; but she was too late; I had escaped into the post-office, and did not shew myself until I had watched from the window Mrs Bower come out of Miss Meek's and the carriage drive off. That day I was in time for dinner. Mrs Bower and I were alone in the drawing-room when Miss Stuart came in. As Mrs Bower introduced us, I saw a surprised and embarrassed expression on the face of the little governess, and the same bright colour which I had

noticed in the afternoon suffuse her fair cheeks and forehead. This confused me somewhat too; but I managed to ask if she had recovered from the fatigue occasioned by her long journey. She answered that she had, quite; and thereupon followed a rather awkward silence, which was fortunately broken by the entrance of Dr Bower and the announcement of dinner.

‘Ah, Williams! got home in time to-day; that's right. Give Miss Stuart your arm.—I can't desert my first love, you know,’ turning to Miss Stuart.—‘Come along, Jenny.’ And the chatty old doctor tucked his wife's arm under his own, and trotted down-stairs, leaving me to follow with Miss Stuart.

‘Do you think you shall like Broadhurst?’ I asked on the way down-stairs.

‘It is a very pretty place,’ she answered with characteristic Scottish caution; ‘prettier than I expected to find out of Scotland.’

‘Then you have not been in England before?’

‘O no; hardly ever from home till now.’

Her manner was frank, and her voice soft and pleasant; the slight Highland accent she gave some of her words sounded peculiar, but not disagreeable. Miss Stuart was certainly far from what my ungallant fancy had painted her; and as I sat opposite to her that day at dinner, I thought I had judged too hastily as to her appearance when I had seen her in Wharton that afternoon. Her profile certainly was not good; but the shape of her head was perfect; her hair loosely curled, was gathered into a great shiny knot behind, and seemingly kept in its place by two bands of black velvet, which gave the whole head a massive Grecian look. It was at this time that I inwardly decided that Miss Stuart did not have to put her hair in curl-papers like Lucy. Then her eyes were full and large and dark; of what colour I can hardly tell, for they seemed ever changing in hue as they varied in expression. When first I had seen her, I thought her mouth too wide. I do not think now there could be too much of such a beautiful thing. I never could decide whether her eyes or her mouth were the most expressive. I think the eyes expressed for the most part the fire, the ardour, and the sublimity of her character; and the mouth, the sweet gentle love, and also the firm determination and calm self-reliance of her disposition. When her features were at rest, there was a look on her face strange in one so young, a look that seemed to tell that she had braved danger and sorrow, that she had overcome the one and patiently endured the other. It must not be supposed that I thought all this on the first evening of my acquaintance with Miss Stuart. It was weeks and months before I knew her well; and long after that the full beauty of that nature was revealed to me.

That evening Miss Stuart played and sung. Her playing was good, nothing more; but her singing was divine. Hers was a voice such as few are gifted with, the upper notes clear and ringing; even the faintest whisper in her song thrilled one through and through. Some of her notes had a strange chord-like sound in them, and gave me that feeling which I had never experienced before from a *single* voice, though exquisite harmonies have often touched me in the same way. That feeling I can hardly call anything but *pleasurable pain*. It seems to lay hold of some inner chord

of your heart, and draw out and expand, nay almost rend that chord as the note itself is drawn out and expanded. This feeling dies away with the note that gave it birth; but in dying, gives one last shiver and thrill of exquisite pain or pleasure, I can hardly tell which. After having sung some Scotch songs, Miss Stuart rose; but we all begged for one more; so she sat down again and sang ‘Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.’ Every one who knows that beautiful song will understand the feelings with which we listened to it, sung as Miss Stuart sung it. When she finished, not a word was spoken. She rose, and gently shut the piano. No one wanted more music that night; that last song was enough to think of and live on for many nights.

Before the arrival of Miss Stuart at Broadhurst, the evenings at Dr Bower's had often seemed long and tedious enough. After dinner, the doctor generally went to sleep, waking up only for his cup of tea, and immediately dropping off again. On these occasions, he always had *The Times* in his hand, and doubtless thought he was reading. Mrs Bower was generally occupied with her fancy-work or a novel; and I was fain to take refuge in *The Lancet*, not unfrequently imitating the worthy doctor by taking a nap, shielded from observation by its friendly page. Sometimes, indeed, we tried a game of whist, my partner being sometimes Lucy, and sometimes a ‘dummy,’ but this at best was slow work. All was now changed, however; there were no more sleepy evenings for us. Miss Stuart took dummy's place; and when we were tired of whist, she would sing to us; but we never tired of that, and the evening would be over before I thought it had rightly begun.

Under my care were generally placed all those patients who required night attendance; for Dr Bower, though by no means sparing of himself, naturally preferred his own fireside to a cold ride, of some miles perhaps, in a winter night. This being the case, I sometimes missed part of those happy evenings; thanks to Jetty poor beast, that I did not lose more of them! Many a hard ride she had that I might be in time to hear Miss Stuart's last song, and hold her little white hand in mine one moment while I wished her good-night.

Sometimes when I came in late, I would find the doctor and his wife deep in cribbage, with Miss Stuart working beside them. Then I would sit down and watch her nimble fingers. How fast they moved! How many times in a minute that bright needle passed through and through her work! and the little diamond ring she always wore gleamed and glittered as the light fell upon it every time she raised her hand. No fine young-lady embroidery was her work, but plain long white seams. When she had finished the task she seemed to have set herself, she would fold up her work gaily and challenge me to a singing match. She had taken great pains to teach me several duets; and it was my great pleasure to look forward to singing them with her. What dangerous work it is that singing off the same music, with a golden head almost touching yours; and a soft hand laid deprecatingly on your arm when you sing a false note, and a smile of sweet encouragement and congratulation when you have got well over some difficult passage! Yes; it is very dangerous. I thought I was strong, but I

was very weak. Agnes Stuart had unwittingly bound me fast in golden fetters, and I lay a helpless captive at her feet. She had not been long at Broadhurst when I loved her madly, wildly, but almost hopelessly. Hopelessly; for I saw that as each day made me love her better, so it made me quieter and more embarrassed in her presence. There was no corresponding change in her manner towards me. She was frankly kind and cordial as ever. From the first she had seemed to like me; but much as I tried to think otherwise, I could not but say to myself: 'This is mere friendship, not love.'

By-and-by I came to notice that at stated intervals Miss Stuart received a thin foreign-looking letter, covered with post-marks; and that these letters, when they came, were thrust into her pocket, not opened and read at the breakfast-table like those of less favoured correspondents. I heard Miss Stuart say she had a brother in New Zealand; doubtless the letters were from him. It was in April, I think, that these letters stopped. Every morning as the post-bag was brought in, I saw the colour deepen in Miss Stuart's cheek, and fade again when she saw there was no letter for her, or at least not the one she expected. One morning it seemed as if her patient waiting was to be rewarded. Dr Bower handed her a thin crispy letter. I could see the delighted tremulousness with which she received it. She tore it open without looking at the address; but as she saw the handwriting, her countenance fell, and I could see tears trembling on her long dark lashes as she seemed to be reading the letter; I say seemed, for I noticed that her eyes remained fixed on the same spot, and that she returned the paper to its envelope without having turned over the leaf. Soon after she left the room.

Some days after this, Dr Bower told me he was anxious about Miss Stuart's health; she was looking thin and pale, and her appetite failing sadly. 'She says there is nothing the matter but a bad tooth, which keeps her from sleeping, and she asked me to take it out; but I won't do that unless it gets all the worse. I think she ought to have more exercise; that walk with Lucy is not enough. But I have made up a tonic which I think will do her good.'

The doctor's tonic or something else did do good; for after this she seemed to improve in health and spirits, notwithstanding the tooth, which continued obstinate, and which therefore was doomed. She asked the doctor to rid her of this perverse piece of ivory, so beautiful, but so cruel; but he refused.

'My hand is not so steady as it once was, my dear; but Williams there will do it for you, if you are determined.'

Miss Stuart was determined; and though sorely against my will, I was obliged to consent. The next morning she came into the surgery, where I was sitting alone. 'Mr Williams, take it out now, please. I have had a bad night again; and while it goes on like this, I can't do my work properly.'

'Oh! dear Miss Stuart, don't!' cried Lucy, who had followed.—'Mr Williams, don't do it. Only wait till papa comes.'

But Miss Stuart was resolute. She was a little pale; but perhaps want of sleep had made her

so. With a smile, she sat down, and said: 'I would rather you did it now, please. It will be over; and I don't want a fuss.'

I felt compelled to do her bidding. After all, it was only taking out a tooth. I had often done the like before, and would often do it again; but my hands trembled, and I made sad work of it.

'Is it out?' she asked after a fearful wrench, during which she had sat still as a statue, her two cold hands clasped tightly together.

'No; it has broken,' I said. 'But I can leave it so. I can file it down so that you won't feel it.'

'But that won't prevent the pain coming back. You had better take it out, Mr Williams.' She was braver than I was.

'It will hurt you a good deal. Are you sure you can bear it?'

'Yes; but make haste,' she answered almost impatiently.

I went behind her this time and made her rest her head on me. She never moved, though I must have been an age in getting out that hateful tooth. At last it came. But the lovely head was not raised; it sank lower, lower upon my breast.

'Lucy!' I cried. But Lucy had run off; she could not bear the sight of her dear preceptress suffering pain.

I held that fair head in my arm; I kissed those rings of gold, those living links that had bound my heart to hers. I kissed those darkened eyes; my day when they shone upon me, my night now when closed, but what sweet night! At last they opened, and looked full at me. She raised her head gently from my arm, and said: 'I have been a little faint; I am better now.—Yes; I will have some water. Thank you; and thank you for having taken it out. Now; I shall do nicely. Where is Lucy? We must go on with lessons.'

I was bewildered, she rose from her seat so calmly, she spoke so firmly. Had she been conscious of what I had done? Had she felt those soft long kisses in which my heart had pressed through my lips? I must tell her now. Let her think what she would of me, I must tell her how I loved her. When I looked up, I saw that she had glided away, and I dared not follow her.

That afternoon, Mrs Bower, the doctor, and Lucy went to pay a visit at some distance; they would not be home till late. I wondered if I should see Agnes. I always called her Agnes in my own mind now. I knew she had not gone with the Bowers; but I asked the man who waited upon me at dinner, if she had.

'No sir. Miss Stuart has had her dinner fetched into the schoolroom, which she's not 'ad time to eat a bit of it, for I see her going out as I fetched in the celery.'

Had she gone out to avoid me, I wondered? It was the first of May; but the evening was unnaturally cold; the wind had risen, and the sun was setting amid red and angry-looking clouds. Not waiting till the table was cleared, I hurried out and looked round for Agnes. She was walking on the terrace; I could see the white feather in her hat flutter and wave in the wind. I determined to join her.

It seemed as if she had divined my intention; for she came towards the house, saying as she met me: 'I find the wind rather too cold to be

pleasant ; but it is a fine evening for a walk.' Then she passed on into the house.

I went to the grassy terrace where she had been walking ; the turf which her tiny feet had pressed but a minute ago, now yielded to my heavier tread. 'I will go and have it out with her ; I can't go on like this. I wish I had spoken in the morning. *Can she care for me ?*' One moment I warmed with hope ; the next I grew cold, and shivered with doubt and fear. I resolved to go and find her. Anything, even her scorn, would be better than this. But I knew she would never scorn me ; she was not one ever to trample on a true man's honest love, even if she could not return it. Then something within me seemed to say : 'She *does* return your love. Ask her ; try her.'

I hastened to the house, and up to the drawing-room. The evening was so chilly that a fire had been lighted there ; but the room was empty. Down again I went, and looked into the dining-room ; but there was no one there. On the opposite side of the hall there was a little room which, since Miss Stuart came, had been used as a schoolroom ; it had a glass door, opening upon the carriage-drive. There, seated on a low chair by the window, sat Agnes. Her hat was lying in her lap, and she was unconsciously stroking the soft white wing which was fastened in it, looking all the while far off into the distance at the fierce red sky. She did not look up at my entrance or seem to notice me till I came and stood quite close to her. Then she said in a strange hard-sounding voice : 'You have not walked far.'

'No. Like you, I found it too cold to be pleasant.' Then there was a silence, which it seemed hard for either of us to break. She had taken her hand off the soft white feather ; she was leaning her head now on that hand. Some sudden impulse moved me, and I put out my hand and touched that glossy wing ; stroked it slowly, gently as she had done. Then at last she looked up at me with a little smile, then a little sigh.

'Do you like my feather ?' she said. 'I had it sent me from far away ; so I love it.'

'Your brother' — I began.

'No ; not my brother,' she said ; and it was not the reflection of the red clouds that made her cheeks light up into that warm glow ; it was not the cold wind without that made her voice so tremulous as she spoke. She went on as if it were a task she had set herself. 'Not my brother ; but I thought until quite lately that you knew ; and now I think—I may be wrong, but I think I ought to tell you. I have been engaged these four years, and hope to be married in the summer.'

I was about to stammer out some words of congratulation ; but she spared me.

'Now, I will tell you about it,' she said in a low hurried voice. 'Sit down here by me. Four years ago, when I was only eighteen, I promised my cousin Walter to be his wife. He had a good appointment at Madras, and I was to go out with him. Our marriage-day was fixed ; when my dear mother fell ill of fever. I could not leave her. Walter could not stay ; so he went, and I was to follow when my mother should be well. But she died. And next my twin-sister was taken. Then my eldest sister grew ill. She recovered from the fever, but not from its effects, and I nursed her until last June. I had written to Walter not to

wait for me ; but he would not let me give him up. So Jeanie—my only sister now—is to take care of my father ; and Walter is on his way to Scotland. I thought if I came here it would be like beginning to leave home. I wanted to let Jeanie have a trial before I was quite away. And I wanted to make a little money too ; for I could not go to Walter quite empty-handed, you know ; and we are very poor at home. I had no letters for a while ; but one from Malta yesterday tells me he is near home. I told Mrs Bower part of this when I came. You have all been very kind to me. I have been very happy here.'

'Will you let me be your friend ?' she said after a moment's pause, and turning her eyes for the first time towards me. She had kept them fixed on the ground while she told me her story in short, quick sentences, and in a very low voice. 'I should like always to be friends with you,' she said simply, holding out her hand to me. 'I am sure Walter will like you when he knows how kind you have been to me. Do you know, you are so like him ! When I first saw you, it almost frightened me. But now I know you so well, I don't see it so much.'

I had taken her hand in both mine. I could not speak ; but I bent my head and kissed it, and I did not feel ashamed of the tear I left upon it.

'That must be the carriage,' she said gaily, as she gently drew her hand from mine and walked out upon the drive. I watched her in the twilight from the window of that darkened room. No need to follow her now. She had told me her secret ; she knew mine. Agnes Stuart is my friend ; and so is Walter, her husband.

I never succeeded to Dr Bower's practice ; but I did succeed to something better, in after-years, through Mr Stuart's influence. I have no children of my own, for I never married, nor will now. But I have a godson, and his name is the same as mine. I am rich, and my wealth will one day be Agnes Stuart's. All that I had I wished to be hers long long ago ; and it will be hers some day, together with a life's respect and a heart's loyal devotion.

#### A NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of editors recently held in America, it was strongly urged that the art of journalism should be taught in the leading colleges. The instruction received at college, however good it might be in other ways, was considered wholly inadequate to qualify a young man for a position on the editorial staff of a newspaper. He was never told what studies to take, what to learn, and what to omit. He was not taught the art of condensation, of saying much in little space, and saying it attractively and persuasively.

In England, as in America, the lack of a special education for reporters and journalists has been frequently referred to, and many suggestions have been made from time to time to meet the case. It may therefore be interesting to those who intend to adopt journalism as a profession, to know that a 'Newspaper Institute' under the auspices of Dr Mackie, has been established at Crewe. The Doctor points out that while all professions and many trades have Institutes exclusively set apart for the special tuition which they require, those gentlemen who wish to be connected with

the newspaper press have no means of becoming technically educated, except by serving a long apprenticeship with its attendant drudgery. The result is seen, in editors who know nothing of the duties of sub-editors, reporters, 'readers'—who revise and correct proof-sheets for press—or bookkeepers, and are consequently at the mercy of their staff. Sub-editors are also frequently ignorant of the duties of reporters, and cannot give proper instructions. Reporters, when not familiar with the work of press-readers, give unnecessary trouble; which readers, if ignorant of the art of type-setting, materially increase by ill-considered corrections; all ending in extra expense, besides delay and error at the critical period of going to press.

With the view of enabling adults who are competent in every other respect to reach proficiency in at least one of these branches, and to be so familiar with all as to take an intelligent oversight of every department, the Newspaper Institute has been formed. But even in this Institute persons will find no royal road to learning the various departments of newspaper work. They must submit to drudgery, though probably less than that which is undergone in an ordinary printing-office. As to their reaching proficiency in any of these departments in six months, it is impossible. But in our days, many men become newspaper proprietors who have no knowledge of newspaper management; and such persons would undoubtedly profit by six months' experience in such an Institute as Dr Mackie's.

But it is as a training Institute for youths that it is chiefly intended, and arrangements have been made for their education in the following branches. 1. In Type-setting, so as to know the names of all kinds of news types; to be able to set in case of necessity; to give intelligent instructions to a foreman printer; to calculate how much space a manuscript will occupy, and how long it will take to be put in type. 2. In Proof-reading, by instructing the student to punctuate, and otherwise correct his own proofs, or the proofs of others, and to do so in the manner least troublesome to the workmen, whose interests should always be considered. 3. In Reporting, by teaching Pitman's phonography, and giving such opportunities of practising it, both in the office and at meetings, as will enable any industrious student to master the whole duties of a reporter. (Great attention will be paid to the preparation of manuscript, or as it is technically termed, 'copy', so that it shall be readable, properly punctuated, and so fit for the printer that it may trouble neither the sub-editor, compositor, nor reader. The difference between good and bad 'copy' in a large office is almost incalculable.) 4. In Sub-editing, so that the students may have a fair knowledge of sub-editing, including the best means of securing good copy and presenting it in an attractive form. 5. In Book-keeping, by giving such instruction as will enable a newspaper proprietor or manager to superintend the keeping of a full set of books, and especially with a view to an accurate Weekly Return of profit and loss, without which no newspaper book-keeping is complete.

While students will thus attain a general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work, they may follow up any one department as a specialty

with the fullest confidence that six months' industrious application will fit them for taking an assistant's situation; and another six months at outside work bring them to average perfection. They will also have at the works the opportunity of daily witnessing type-casting, stereotyping, type-setting by steam-driven machinery, machine-printing, &c.; and the workmen being instructed to give every information within their power, the amount of information which industrious youths may gain in six months may be readily guessed. Every effort will be used to find situations for students on leaving the works; but any one may remain three or six months longer without extra payment, on condition that he continues to give his services.

Such are the subjects which Dr Mackie proposes to teach, and the inducements put forth to learn. It seems to us, however, that in six months very few would be able to attain a 'general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work,' and fewer still to 'master the whole duties of a reporter,' even if they devoted their time to this branch exclusively. It would take at the very least six months to learn the theory of phonography, and another six months to attain any proficiency in the practice; and it is obvious that a youth who could even follow an ordinary speaker would not be able to report scientific meetings and historical addresses. Still, when a youth *has* acquired sufficient manual dexterity to follow a speaker, he will have no lack of reporting practice at Crewe, as lectures and political meetings are very numerous, as are local Board and Town Council meetings. Agricultural, educational, and religious meetings are also frequently held. The meetings are therefore sufficiently varied to give him some conception of the nature of the duties of a reporter; and he will find six months in such an Institute worth far more than the money it costs him, should he find himself mentally qualified for a reportiership.

'If I had had six months' training at the outset of my career,' said the editor of a large provincial journal to the writer, 'it would have been worth six years of my subsequent experience, and would have enabled me to take a good position very soon.' Many other reporters and editors are doubtless of the same opinion. At anyrate, other things being equal, the student is likely to be well qualified for taking an assistant's situation. We say other things being equal, because no amount of mechanical training, however valuable in itself, will make up for the lack of tact and general aptitude needed in a reporter.

In printing, also, a youth will not learn sufficient to enable him to earn anything, even if he should qualify himself for taking an assistant's situation, as few masters *could* engage him without his indentures. He is likely however, to become a more intelligent printer for his six months' training, and a valuable apprentice.

The Institute seems to us more useful to those who contemplate becoming reporters, sub-editors, or readers for the press; and such would learn more here in six months than they would in a newspaper office in the same amount of time. In the latter, little or no time can be given to instructing a novice, in teaching him short-hand, and in superintending his first efforts at reporting. He is left very much to himself, and is consequently a longer time in learning his duties. But in the

Institute he is placed under the care of special men, whose sole duty it will be to instruct him in the various branches of newspaper work. The advantages of the Institute to such are therefore self-evident; and as complaints are now becoming very numerous as to the falling off in ability of reporters, sub-editors, and readers, the establishment of an Institute of this kind seems to meet a want of the times.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

**TOM HILLS**, sometime huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upwards, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homewards. Somewhere about midnight he reached Streatham Common, to be suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge: 'Your money or your life!'

'My money!' exclaimed Hills. 'I haven't got any; I am only a servant; and you wouldn't take my life, surely?'

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasising the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

'Well, my man,' said the latter, 'we won't fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself.'

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instantaneously, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins; while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment, at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying out against the bunnias or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand, that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The Colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it. 'I told,' says he, 'some reliable men of my escort to go quietly into the bazaars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterwards they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. "Now," said I gravely, "each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour;" which was done.

'Is it for the pilgrims?' asked one.

'No,' said I quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. 'You must eat it yourselves.'

'They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed.'

'Not so,' I returned; 'you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?'

'They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers, some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon; and so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.'

It is a pity adulterators at home cannot be served in the same way; pure food would be the rule, if the concocters and venders of vile make-believes were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New-year festival, the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to 'sit upon him'; that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullabaloo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

'Get rid of him if you can,' said his Persian advisers; 'but do not touch him.'

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: 'Build a wall round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in.'

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

At the opening of the electioneering campaign that resulted in Abraham Lincoln's elevation to the Presidency of the United States, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, then on his way to the Baltimore Convention, accepted an invitation to address the electors at an agricultural fair in a small town. The Baltimore newspapers determined to furnish their readers with verbatim reports of Mr Yancey's speech, and five reporters left that city together by the morning train for a junction station, where they hoped to catch another train bound for the fair-ground. As they travelled along they entered into an agreement not to take any unfair advantage of one another, no matter what opportunity for doing so might present itself. They arrived at the junction too late for the connecting train, and were in a difficulty as to getting over the intervening half-dozen miles of country. They went prospecting, four thin scribes hurrying in advance of a veritable Falstaff. At last they espied an old-fashioned wagon drawn by a lean horse, and in a very few minutes the treacherous four were ensconced in the vehicle, filling it completely. In vain did the man of fat remind them of their agreement; his expostulations were received with derision, and the driver ordered to start. The cheated reporter appealed to the countryman, offering to give five dollars for a

seat on the dashboard. The offer was accepted, and the man slipped down to help him up.

'Stop!' whispered he; 'I'll buy your horse for twenty-five dollars, cash down.'

'Done!' said the man; and the dollars were handed over.

'Now,' said the new owner of the horse, 'take him out of the traces, and help me on his back.'

It was done; and horse and rider were soon lost to view. Next day, only one Baltimore paper contained a full report of the speechifying at the fair; and four belated journalists had a bad time of it with their respective editors.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed pedlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal trader, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

'Hev I got anything to sell, squire?' was the response. 'Guess, I hev got blackin' that'll make them old cowhide boots o' yours shine so't you can shave in 'em. Got razors tew, an article you want, I should say, by the looks o' your beard. Got Balm o' Klumby tew, only a dollar a bottle, good for the ha'r, and assistin' poor human natur.'

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling. The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to its owner.

Then said the disappointed official: 'I don't know now that I care about this stuff; what will you give for it?'

'Wasal,' answered the pedler, 'I don't want it, squire; but seein' it's you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it.'

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money; when the pedler said: 'I say, I guess I hev suthing to ask you now. Hev you got a pedler's license about you?'

'No,' said the sheriff; 'I haven't any use for one myself.'

'Waal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon,' replied the Yankee. 'Ef I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you.' Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

In the States, however it may be elsewhere, it is risky business to entrap people into breaking the law. A Mr Greenwood, a zealous enemy of the liquor traffic, lately employed two men to buy beer on Sunday in a town in New Jersey, that he might prosecute those who supplied them; but the liquor-dealers indicted him and his detectives for conspiring to induce the violation of the law; and all three were convicted, Mr Greenwood thereby losing his rights of citizenship.

Some sixty years ago, a certain Yorkshire living was held by a company-loving parson much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea-party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated muffin-feast, by reason of the parson requiring his attendance. He bore the disappoint-

ment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity for retaliation. It was not long coming. One Sunday morning, advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly-wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the hundred and nineteenth psalm—all on t.' Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store, the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work; but they bravely persevered; sometimes only one instrument accompanying a single voice was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the parson had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr Macleod, father of Dr Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: 'Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you.' Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan,' said the good-natured minister, 'I will hear what it is.'

'Well, doctor,' said Duncan, 'the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord.'

The doctor promised to consider the matter. 'But,' said he, 'I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still.'

'Eh, doctor!' exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, 'now ye're joking; it's long since I had my hair.'

Dr Macleod looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach: 'O Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?' He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart midshipman to the daughter of a K.C.B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

'Oh, dear no,' said the supercilious beauty. 'Ma never allows me to dance with midshipmen! Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by-and-by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance.'

The youngster, however, was not so easily to be mollified, and remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: 'Oh, dear no! Ma never allows me to dance with squaws!'

Said one play-going young fellow to another: 'I was at the Gaiety last night for the sixteenth time, and took a look round the pit to see if you were there.' But noways disconcerted by the insinuation, the subject of his 'chaff' retorted: 'What! Been so many times to the Gaiety, and

not know that you can't see the pit from the gallery ?'

Said a young Belgian attaché, vexed at being transferred from London to Washington: 'At all events, I shall speak no English in Washington. I learned it in London, and don't intend to spoil my accent.'

The remark travelled. At a Washington reception, a friend of the attaché asked an American belle to allow him to introduce the embryo diplomatist to her. 'I could not think of such a thing,' was the merry response. 'I learned my French in Paris, and cannot risk spoiling my accent by talking with a Belgian.'

The attaché was fairly paid in his own coin.

So was the Parisian dame who answering a wet-footed visitor's request for the loan of a pair of slippers, by saying: 'Certainly, my dear, if you think mine will fit you,' received the clever rejoinder: 'I daresay they will, dear, if you tell your maid to put a cork sole inside them.'

'You have given me Scotch whisky; I asked for Irish,' complained a hurried imbibier.

'Never mind,' said the publican; 'fancy it's Irish.'

The man drank up the liquor and made for the door.

'Stop!' cried Boniface; 'you haven't paid me.'

'Never mind; fancy I have!' said his customer, and away he went.

#### CIVILISATION IN POLYNESIA.

THE Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, seem from all accounts to be advancing not only in material prosperity but in the arts of civilised life. Mrs Brassey, it will be recollected, says some kind things of these islands, which bask in an atmospheric paradise, but with the customary drawback of such parades—an exuberant profusion of insect life. Mr W. M. Gibson, the American-born representative of Lahaina in the legislative assembly of the Sandwich Islands, while taking a holiday lately in the United States, embraced the opportunity of making his American friends acquainted with the charms of the land of his adoption—formerly a nest of savages, transformed into the well-ordered kingdom of a cultured monarch, with an enlightened legislature, and a loyal and law-abiding people.

Naturally enough, Mr Gibson paints the Assembly of which he is a prominent and popular member, in somewhat flattering colours; but if the picture he draws is a reasonably true one, the Sandwich Islanders rejoice in a parliament which puts some of its older sisters to shame. Numbering but thirty-two members, of whom thirteen are white men, it does not, as such small assemblies are wont to do, waste its energies in party conflicts bringing about continual changes in the executive government. The legislators of Hawaii know their duty to their constituents better. Although the native element predominates so far as voting strength goes, the business of the House is virtually controlled by the white members,

the majority readily deferring to their views upon all matters wherein they think them likely to be the best informed; and their trustfulness is not abused. 'There is no chicane, no serving of petty ends, only appeals to judgment and patriotism,' all working together harmoniously for the common weal.

Only seven per thousand islanders are unable to read and write, thanks to the abundance of excellent schools. English is the standard language, although the laws are printed both in English and Hawaiian. The latter, says our authority, will eventually die out. The Hawaiians, we are told, are a very musical people. King Kalakaua is not only a fine pianist but a composer as well; and his sister, the Princess Lydia, is quite famous as a composer. After this it is not astonishing to hear that as regards social culture Honolulu is precisely like the best part of Boston or Philadelphia.

No longer 'remote from all that science traces, art invents, or inspiration teaches,' the Sandwich Islanders are well posted in what is going on in Europe and America. It would be difficult to find a head of a Kanaka family who is not a diligent newspaper reader; many, not content with perusing one or more of the four journals printed in their own language, take in several English papers and American magazines. Says Mr Gibson: 'I would take a hundred labouring Kanakas and let them be brought in competition with a hundred farm-labourers from any state in the Union, and feel certain that in point of general information my hundred Kanakas would surpass your American farm-labourers.'

It were indeed to be deplored if a race that has taken so kindly to civilisation should be fated to die out. It is therefore gratifying to learn that the latest population returns indicate that the decay of the native race has been arrested; a decay Mr Gibson ascribes to the practice of infanticide, which was once so common that it was neither concealed nor punished. Thanks to religious and educational influences, the Hawaiian matrons are beginning to feel a horror of the barbarous customs of the past, and there is consequently 'a turn in the tide of life of the Polynesian people.'

Another blot on the fair picture of this lovely land is leprosy or the Chinese disease, as it is called from those who introduced it. Attempts are being made to prevent the further spread of this terrible pest by isolating the lepers at Molokai, and the legislature has appropriated no less than seventeen thousand pounds to that end. This horrible disease, once contracted, defies all remedies. Ten or even twenty years may elapse before it results in death, but the end is inevitable. It is almost wholly confined to the brown race. Among six hundred and ninety lepers, only two whites were found; one hailing from Cheshire, the other from New York; 'and they were filthy depraved persons who had lived on most intimate intercourse with leprous people. The disease is not communicated by any such contagion as decent people are likely to be subjected to.'

The ambition of the Hawaiians is to make their islands an entrepôt for the commerce of the Pacific.

They have a line of steamers bringing them within seven days of San Francisco ; they are laying a telegraph cable along their archipelago, as something towards a contemplated line to that port, and with an eye to the ultimate federation of the Polynesian Islands ; for much as they admire England and the United States, they have no desire to relinquish their independence for the sake of the protection of either power.

In summing up the charms of these favoured islands, Mr Gibson says : 'In all my travels—which have extended pretty well over the globe—I have never found anywhere else so uniform and bland a climate or a more productive soil. Our temperature runs from fifty to sixty degrees in the morning and evening, to seventy and eighty degrees at noon. I have never known it to go below fifty-four or above eighty-six degrees. It is only semi-tropical, and there is no such climate anywhere for arresting the decay of the vital forces. The white man's energy does not diminish there. I think too the Sandwich Islands is the only place where you hear no cry of hard times. With us, capital is competing for labour, not labour seeking employment from capital. Good farm-hands readily command from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with board. All sorts of mechanics are sure of employment at very remunerative wages, and living is cheap. Any man who has the energy to come that distance is certain of doing well. If he has anything in him, he will not be allowed to remain idle. When I went there, I had no means ; but I started the growing of a grain-crop on the island which is still my home, where agriculture even in its simplest forms was unknown before ; and the first year made eleven hundred dollars. Then I got some sheep, and introduced the Bermuda grass, invaluable for grazing purposes. Now, I have fifty thousand sheep, and the island will support as many more. We find a good market for the wool in Australia and Canada. I have done well in the Sandwich Islands, and any man who will apply himself to the endeavour can do likewise.'

#### LOST PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

From a correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* we glean the following curious facts. He says : 'Most Londoners have heard of the Lost Property Department at the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard ; but very few are aware of the magnitude of the transactions carried on there ; and the report recently published in one of the daily newspapers of a visit to this museum of forgetfulness must have been a startling revelation even to the most ardent believer in the vastness of the Great City. It seems that on an average, one hundred articles are received there every day from cabmen whose honesty is sufficiently active to induce them to comply with that stipulation in their license which requires them to convey to the nearest police station any stray goods or chattels found in their vehicles. Not that virtue is left to be altogether its own reward ; for if the property be claimed, the owner has to pay two shillings and sixpence or three shillings in the pound, which is handed over to the law-abiding coachman ; and if no satisfactory application be made within three months, cabby becomes the legitimate possessor

of the "treasure-trove." It is said that the men as a rule, prefer to receive the reward rather than the article itself. And certainly, when it came to be the fourth umbrella or walking-stick or the third pair of spectacles, a smart young cabman might be excused for murmuring at the monotony of chance. But when it is a case of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, six hundred pounds-worth of watches, four hundred and seventy-six American gold eagles, or four thousand pounds in valuable securities, the requisite three months must seem to be a very long time to wait for a careless owner to put in an appearance. If the value of the property exceed ten pounds, the reward takes the shape of a lump sum fixed by the Commissioners of Police, in accordance with the particular circumstances of the case, and in a few instances ranging as high as one hundred pounds. Within the last twelve months, cabmen who are now plying for hire have received amounts in this way of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred pounds.

'Some of the stories of forgetfulness thus brought to light are as curious as they are amusing. A hairdresser leaves behind him a bag containing all the materials of a modern *coiffure* and all the implements of his craft. A merchant forgets his cheque-book, a traveller his portmanteau, an invalid his box of pills, an actress her diamonds. Umbrellas, spectacles, opera-glasses, walking-sticks, muffs, pipes, even boots, all find their way to the Lost Property Department. Little wonder is it then that the total value of the "flotsam and jetsam" of this great sea of traffic was estimated last year to amount to fourteen thousand pounds.

#### 'WHEN ROSES ARE BLOOMING.'

A MAIDEN sat musing her bower within ;  
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red ;  
The maiden was young, and the maiden was fair,  
And strange from such lips were the words that she  
said :

' Though lovers may woo me,  
I ne'er will be won ;  
In vain shall they sue me ;  
Of love I'll have none.'

Now Cupid was lingering the bower within ;  
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red ;  
And slyly he smiled as he handled his bow,  
And swore that a maiden so fair should be wed.

Soon a youth came awooing,  
Both gentle and brave :  
' Thou hast been my undoing ;  
Then, love, thou must save.'

Why trembles that maiden so proudly serene ?  
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red ;  
Why that flush on her cheek, and that quivering lip ?  
Why stands she so silent, with shy drooping head ?

' Though lovers should woo me,  
I vowed to be free ;  
But too well dost thou sue me ;  
I yield me to thee.'

GLIS.

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